

Troilus and Cressida.

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:
Paracelus, let vs Feast him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes Therites. Enter Therites.
Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?
Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & I doll
of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?
Ther. Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.
Pat. Who keeps the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.
Pat. Well said aduerty, and what need these tricks?
Ther. Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke,
thou art thought to be Achilles male Varlot.

Pat. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?
Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the South, guts-gripping Ruptures, Catarres,
Loades a grauell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and
the like, take and take againe, such preposiuous discou-
eries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what
mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?
Pat. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indi-
stinguishable Curre.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle,
immateriall skiene of Sleyd filke; thou greene Sarcenet
flap for a fore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou:
Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water-flies,
diminutives of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.
Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:
Heere is a Letter from Queene Hecuba,

A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obey:
Come, come Therites, helpe to tium my Tent,
This night in banquetting must all be spent.

Away Patroclus. Exit.
Ther. With too much blood, and too little Brain, the
two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and to o
little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's
Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues
Quailes, but he has not so much Braine as care-wax; and
the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother,
the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of
Cuckolds, a thrifty shoeing-horne in a caine, hanging
at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold
wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne
him too: to an Assle were nothing; hee is both Assle and
Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Assle:
to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Foade, a Li-
zard, an Owle, a Purtocke, or a Herring without a Roe,
I would not care: but to be Menelams, I would conspire
against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were
not Therites: for I care not to bee the lowfe of a Lazar,
so I were not Menelams. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Vlisses, Ne-
stor, Diomed, with Lights.

Ag. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.
Hec. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.
Vliss. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?
Achil. Welcome braue Hector, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hec. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.
Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hec. Goodnight sweet Lord Menelams.
Ther. Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweet sinke,
sweet sure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those
that go, or tarry.

Ag. Goodnight.
Achil. Old Nestor carries, and you too Diomed,
Keepe Hector company an houre, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,
The tide whereof is now, goodnight great Hector.

Hec. Give me your hand.
Vliss. Follow his Torch, he goes to Chalcas Tent,
Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet sir, you honour me.
Hec. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. Exit.
Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted Rogue, a
most vniust Knaue; I will no more trust him when hee
leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend
his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when
he performs, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigi-
ous, there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes
of the Moone when Diomed keeps his word. I will ra-
ther leaue to see Hector, then not to dogge him: they say,
he keeps a Troyan Drab, and yses the Traitour Chalcas
his Tent. Ile after— Nothing but Lecherie? All
incontinent Varlets. Exit.

Enter Diomed.
Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake?
Chal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed, Chalcas (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?
Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Vlisses.
Vliss. Stand where the Torch may not discouer vs.

Enter Cressida.
Troy. Cressida comes forth to him.
Dio. How now my charge?

Cres. Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.
Troy. Yea, so familiar?

Vliss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her
life: she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?
Cal. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be cou-
pled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember?
Vliss. Lift?

Cres. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.
Cres. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.
Cres. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?

Ther. A iugling trick, to be secretly open.
Dio. What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

Dio. Good

Troilus and Cressida.

Dio. Good night.

Troy. Hold, patience.

Vliss. How now Troian?

Cres. Diomed.

Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your fool no more.

Troy. Thy better must.

Cres. Harke one word in your eare.

Troy. O plague and madnesse!

Vliss. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe
To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.

Troy. Behold, I pray you.

Vliss. Nay, good my Lord goe off:

You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?

Troy. I pray thee stay?

Vliss. You haue not patience, come.

Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,
I will not speake a word.

Dio. And so good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troy. Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!

Vliss. Why, how now Lord?

Troy. By Ioue I will be patient.

Cres. Gardian? why Greeke?

Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.

Cres. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.

Vliss. You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?
you will breake out.

Troy. She stroakes his cheek.

Vliss. Come, come.

Troy. Nay stay, by Ioue I will not speake a word.
There is betwene my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience; stay a little while.

Ther. How the duell Luxury with his fat rumpe and
potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye.

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith I will lo; neuer trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. Ile fetch you one.

Vliss. You haue sworne patience.

Troy. Feare me not sweete Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele: I am all patience.

Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.

Cres. Here Diomed, keepe this Sleeue.

Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?

Vliss. My Lord.

Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cres. You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:
Helou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. It is no matter now I haue't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prythee Diomed visite me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said Whetstone.

Dio. I shall haue it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. I that.

Cres. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,
And giues memoxiall daintie kisses to it;
As I kisse thee.

Dio. Nay, doe not snatch it from me.

Cres. He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.

Troy. I did sweare patience.

Cres. You shall not haue it Diomed; faith you shall not:
Ile giue you something else.

Dio. I will haue this: whose was it?

Cres. It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whose it was?

Cres. 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.

But now you haue it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Dianus waiting women yond:
And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor't it on thy horne,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:
I will not keepe my word.

Dio. Why then farewell,

Thou neuer shalt mocke Diomed againe.

Cres. You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,
But it strait starts you.

Dio. I doe not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I by Pluto; but that that likes not me, plea-
ses me best.

Dio. What shall I come? the houre.

Cres. I, come: O Ioue! doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then. Exit.

Cres. Good night: I prythee come:

Troilus farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.

Ah poore our sexe; this fault in vs I finde:
The error of our eye, directs our minde.

What error leads, must erre: O then conclude,
Minds swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

Ther. A prooue of strength he could not publish more;
Vnlesse he say, my minde is now turn'd whore.

Vliss. Al's done my Lord.

Troy. It is.

Vliss. Why stay we then?

Troy. To make a recordation to my soule
Of euery syllable that here was spoke:

But if I tell how these two did coact;
Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth inuert that test of eyes and eares;
As if those organs had deceptiuous functions,

Created onely to caluminate.
Was Cressid here?

Vliss. I cannot coniure Troian.

Troy. She was not sure.

Vliss. Most sure she was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?

Vliss. Nor mine my Lord: Cressid was here but now.

Troy. Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood:
Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage

To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame
For deprauation, to square the generall sex

By Cressids rule. Rather thinke this not Cressid.

Vliss. What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our
mothers?

Troy. Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?

Troy. This she? no, this is Diomids Cressida:

If beautie haue a soule, this is not she: